
AMELIA FANG
and the
LOST YETI TREASURES
LAURA ELLEN ANDERSON

Laura Ellen Anderson

Amelia Fang and the Lost Yeti Treasures

Аннотация

'The perfect mix of funny, foul and fearful' Metro'Brilliantly imagined … laugh-out-loud funny' Sunday ExpressThe fifth book in the bestselling, gorgeously gothic and wickedly funny Amelia Fang series – perfect for readers of 7+Meet Amelia Fang! Everyone's favourite little vampire.When Amelia and her friends are invited to Florence's grandmother 350th birthday party, they are very excited! Grand-yeti Clemence lives in the Yeti Pits, a maze of candle-lit tunnels and caves carved into Yeti Mountain.But not long after arriving, the precious glittery treasures of the ancient yetis start to go missing. And when Tangine goes missing too he becomes the prime suspect! Not only that but the tunnels of Yeti Mountain have started to collapse on themselves and it looks like Florence and her family will have to move far away. It's looking like the gang might never see each other again!Will Amelia be able to the mystery of the missing yeti treasure? And will she and her friends survive the perils of Yeti Mountain and all the booby traps on the way?Join Amelia, Florence, Grimaldi, Pumpy and Tangine on the adventure of a lifetime!Also available in the Amelia Fang series:Amelia Fang and the Barbaric Ball Amelia Fang and the Unicorn Lords Amelia Fang and the Memory

Thief Amelia Fang and the Half-Moon HolidayAmelia Fang is perfect for fans of Witch Wars, The Worst Witch and Isadora MoonWhen she's not trying to take over the world or fighting sock-stealing monsters, Laura Ellen Anderson is a bestselling children's book author & illustrator, with an increasing addiction to coffee. She spends every waking hour creating and drawing, and would quite like to live on the moon when humans finally make it possible. Laura is the creator of EVIL EMPEROR PENGUIN and illustrator of WITCH WARS, as well as many other children's books. The bestselling AMELIA FANG is her first series as author-illustrator.

AMELIA FANG and the LOST YETI TREASURES

LAURA ELLEN ANDERSON



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For Cliff. Thank you for all your support
and kindness throughout my career.
Stay strong and keep smiling
:) *xxx*

EGMONT

We bring stories to life

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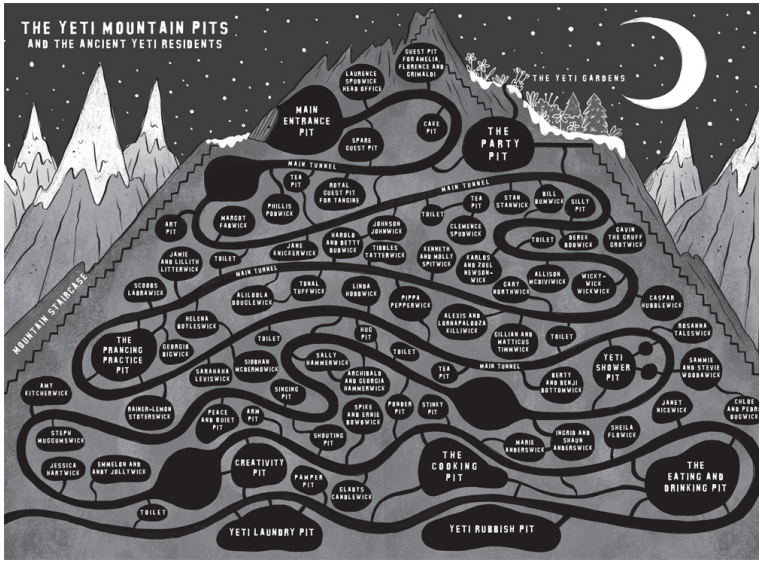


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Ghoulish Greetings!



LIKES:
The Pumpkineers Club
Making new friends

DISLIKES:
Arguments with friends
Missing out on pumpkin activities



LIKES:
"EveryKing Sparkles" polish
Being fabulous

DISLIKES:
A messy room
Lack of beauty sleep



LIKES:
Vintage super-belch
All things pumpkin!

DISLIKES:
A dull party
Not enough glitter



LIKES:
Looking after ancient yetis
His daughter Florence

DISLIKES:
A yeti in danger
Being woken up too early



LIKES:
Digging pits
Prancing

DISLIKES:
Being far away from friends
Being grumpy



LIKES:
Helping his friends
Smacking on pickled eyeballs

DISLIKES:
Any form of slide
Being alone



LIKES:
Tummy tickles
Hugs

DISLIKES:
Amelia and her friends disagreeing
Bringing up seed bolls

LIKES:
Wearing sparkly tiara
Showing off sparkly tiara

DISLIKES:
Not wearing sparkly tiara
Losing sparkly tiara





CHAPTER 1
UNICORN FART AND MAGNIFICENCE

‘BIIIIIIIIIIIRFNIIIIGHT BUMS!’

Amelia Fang woke with a start. Her pet pumpkin, Squashy, rolled off the bed, landing with a pa-doing!

‘It can’t be night time already, surely?!’ said Amelia, pulling the blanket over her head.

‘SOUNDS LIKE THE CELEBRATIONS ’AVE STARTED,’ said Florence Spudwick with a stretch.

Grimaldi Reaperton yelped and hid underneath his bed

covers.

It was the Winter Holidays in the Kingdom of the Dark, which meant six whole weeks off school! Young vampire Amelia Fang and her three best friends were spending the first weekend of their holidays at the Yeti Mountain Pits. The pits were home to all the ancient retired yetis in the kingdom, each living in their own cosy pit connected by a network of candlelit tunnels.

Florence's Grand-yeti Clemence was turning three hundred and fifty years old, and the ancient yetis were having a party all weekend to celebrate. Amelia and her friends were so excited to have a big sleepover together. This meant late-day chats, tragic stories by candlelight and lots of silliness.

The door to the pit where Amelia, Florence and Grimaldi were staying burst open. An old yeti bellowed, '*TIME FOR BIRFNIGHT BUMS!*' before running away.

'Florence, why does everyone keep shouting "Birthnight Bums"?' squeaked Grimaldi from under the covers. The little grim reaper was easily alarmed.

'BUMPING BUMS IS A COMMON YETI GREETING, LIKE SHAKING HANDS,' said Florence, as she lit the candles on the walls of the pit. 'IT'S TRADITION TO BUMP BOTTOMS WITH THE BIRFDAY YETI THE SAME NUMBER OF TIMES AS THEIR AGE.'

'Wait! Isn't your grand-yeti three hundred and fifty years old?' said Amelia. 'That means . . .'

'YUP! FREE 'UNDRED AND FIFTY BUM BUMPS,' said

Florence. She performed five intense squats and punched the air. 'I'M SO READY FOR THIS!'

Florence Spudwick was a rare breed of yeti with a passion for one-armed press ups and having fun with her friends.

'AND I CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU TO MEET MY GRAND-YETI CLEMENCE,' she said happily. 'I FINK YOU'LL LOVE 'ER!'

The door to the pit flew open again, making Squashy do a tiny poo in shock. A HUGE yeti with curly white hair and thick-rimmed glasses ducked into the room.

'ALWITE DAD!' Florence grinned and the two yetis high-fived each other.

'EVENIN' FLO! ALWITE KIDS?' said Florence's dad, Laurence Spudwick. 'I 'OPE YOU ALL SLEPT WELL. WE GOT A LOT OF CELEBRATING TO DO OVER THE NEXT TWO NIGHTS!'

'Evening, Mr Spudwick!' said Amelia politely. 'We all slept as soundly as dead toads! These pits are super comfy.'

'THAT'S FANGTASTIC TO 'EAR!' replied Laurence. 'Y'KNOW, THE ANCIENT YETIS WILL BE SO DELIGHTED TO MEET FLO'S FRIENDS. DON'T WORRY THOUGH, THEY DON'T ALL SPEAK LIKE US. ONLY RARE BREEDS 'AVE SUCH BEAUTIFUL BOOMING VOICES.' Laurence looked proud and grinned. 'YOU'RE PROB'LY RELIEVED THOUGH. IMAGINE SPENDING AN 'OLE WEEKEND SURROUNDED BY SHOUTING?!'

‘I did wonder,’ said Grimaldi thoughtfully.

‘So, how many pits are there inside Yeti Mountain?’ asked Amelia curiously.



'THERE ARE LOADS,' said Florence. 'DAD DUG THE 'OLE LOT WHEN 'E WAS STILL AT DIGGER SCHOOL! 'E COMES 'ERE EVERY NIGHT TO LOOK AFTER ALL THE ANCIENT YETIS. AND WHEN I'M GROWN UP I WANNA DO THE SAME.'

'THAT'S MY GIRL!' said Laurence, giving his daughter a big sloppy kiss on the head.

'DAAAAAAAD, *GROSS!'* moaned Florence, wiping the slobber from her fur.

'RIGHT, I BEST GO GET BREKKY SERVED,' said Laurence, rubbing his paws together. 'WE GOT SUPER SLIMY SLOW WORMS WITH TONGUE-FLUFF SPREAD. GO GET YERSELVES SOME BEFORE DEREK EATS THE LOT. 'E LOVES 'IS TONGUE-FLUFF !' And Laurence stomped out of the room.

Suddenly, from the pit opposite, Prince Tangine La Floofle the First emerged. His hair was extra glittery, his fangs were sparkling white and his face was positively glowing.

'ARGH!' Florence bellowed, covering her eyes. 'DON'T LOOK DIRECTLY AT IT.'

Tangine scowled. 'How dare you,' he said before stroking both cheeks. 'I've never felt better. I discovered this new all-purpose glitter polish in my monthly *Pampered Prince* magazine. It's called EveryKing Sparkles. You really can use it on EVERYTHING – nails, cheeks, hair, fangs and SHOES.' He

waved his foot around, causing flecks of light to bounce off the walls. ‘The results are phenomenal!’





Amelia squinted. ‘More like *fluorescent.*’

‘I’m kind of glad you’re sleeping in your own room this weekend,’ said Grimaldi, using the hood of his black robe to shield his eyes.

Florence’s dad had insisted that Prince Tangine – half-vampire, half-fairy – have his very own pit for the duration of his stay. Florence had tried telling her dad that Tangine didn’t need any special ‘royal’ treatment, but Tangine had lapped up the attention. ‘More room for my weekend stash of EveryKing Sparkles polish!’ he had declared cheerfully.

‘Can anyone else smell . . . unicorn fart?’ asked Amelia.

‘AND MAGNIFICENCE?’ Florence added. ‘Y’KNOW THAT KINDA SOUR, SWEET, SICKLY SMELL. A BIT LIKE GLORY, BUT MORE SYRUP-Y.’

‘That’ll be the polish!’ Tangine confirmed. Squashy sniffed at Tangine’s shoes and began to lick them.

‘It’s polish, Squashy,’ said Tangine, ‘not food.’

‘Where’s Pumpy this weekend?’ asked Grimaldi.

‘Grounded,’ said Tangine, straightening his bow tie. ‘He’s been a very naughty pumpkin, so Mum is getting a pumpkin trainer in over the Winter Holidays!’



Pumpy was Tangine’s pet pumpkin, and a bit of a handful at times. But Tangine still loved him very much.

‘Now, let’s get to this party!’ said Tangine, throwing a silky scarf around his neck.



Amelia and her friends made their way along the candlelit tunnels to the Party Pit dressed in extra-warm layers. The Yeti Mountain pits were incredibly cold; colder than anywhere Amelia had been before. She had learnt from her *Positively Pumpkin* magazine that pumpkins did NOT like the cold and liked to find cosy spaces to keep warm. (Amelia loved everything to do with pumpkins and wanted to be a pumpkinologist when she grew up!) So, in order to keep Squashy snug, she had knitted him a spotty onesie for the weekend.

The friends entered the Party Pit, which was decorated from top to bottom with bunting, cobwebs and pictures of Florence's Grand-yeti Clemence. In the middle of the room sat a round table with the largest spread of frightful food Amelia had ever seen – it was even more impressive than the petrifying platter at her mother's annual Barbaric Ball! Vessels of bubbly green liquid fizzed and gurgled, assorted scabs sat in bowls beside toe-jam pastries, and splattered spleen oozed out from between layers of spider-leg sponge cake. It all looked disgustingly delicious!

Tangine gasped. '*That* is one of the best things I have EVER seen . . .'

'I KNOW!' agreed Florence enthusiastically. 'FIRST OF ALL

I'M GONNA START MAKING A DENT IN THE SPIDER-LEG SPONGE, THEN THOSE SCABS ARE ALL MINE AND THEN —'

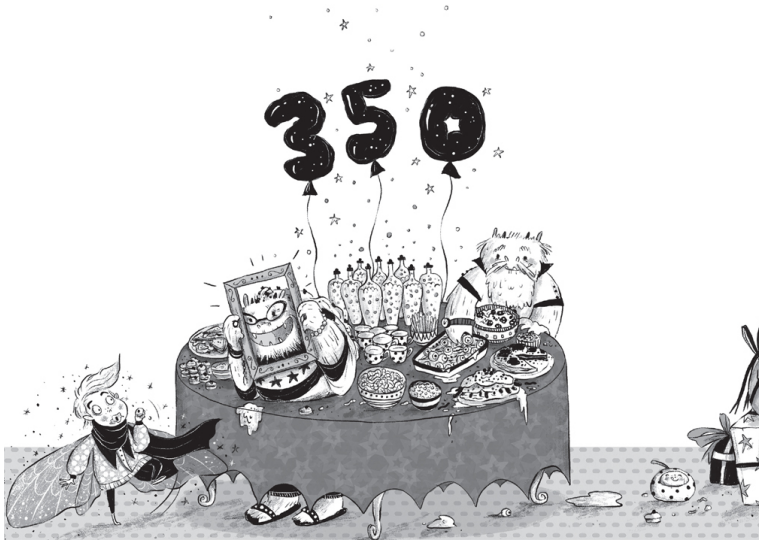
'No, not the food,' Tangine replied, shaking his head dreamily. 'That . . . *right there* . . . is the *best thing* I've ever seen!' He skipped over to a baffled-looking yeti and stroked the sparkly tiara on her head. 'It's GLORIOUS,' he breathed.

'Oh!' The yeti blushed. 'It's me favourite fing ever, this is! I wear it ALL the time.' But Tangine, like a jittery magpie, had already danced over to a picture of Grand-yeti Clemence that stood on the table between the bowls of assorted scabs.

'Actually, these glittery glasses may top the tiara,' he squealed. 'I must ask Florence's Grand-yeti where they're from!'

'THEY'RE FROM *THE GLITTEROPOLIS EYEDOLS,'* said the picture of Grand-yeti Clemence, making Tangine almost jump right out of his skin. 'HEE HEE! THAT TRICK NEVVA GETS OLD!' The old yeti chortled as she removed the picture frame from her face.

'YOU MUST BE ONE OF FLO FLO'S FRIENDS!' said Grand-yeti Clemence as she crawled out from underneath the table. 'YOU SMELL OF UNICORN FART AND MAGNIFICENCE. I LIKE YOU ALREADY.'



‘I’m Prince Tangine La Floofle the FIRST,’ said Tangine proudly. ‘Friend of Florence and future king of Nocturnia.’

Grand-yeti Clemence bellowed with laughter. ‘YOUR NAME IS RIDICULOUSLY LONG AND ALSO SOUNDS LIKE FOOD. SO I’M JUST GONNA CALL YOU DAVE. NICE TO MEET YOU, PRINCE DAVE.’



CHAPTER 2

DRAW ME LIKE ONE OF YOUR YETIS

‘APPIEST OF BIRFNIGHTS, GRAND-YETI!’ Florence boomed. She pranced over to her Grand-yeti Clemence as if she were as light as a feather. The two yetis turned back to back and bumped their bottoms together over and over and over again . . . until three hundred and fifty bum bumps later, Grand-yeti Clemence pulled Florence into a big fluffy hug.

‘OH FLO FLO!’ she laughed. ‘YOU’RE TALLER AND WIDER EVERY TIME I SEE YOU. YOU ARE SUCH A

BOLD BEAUTY!'

Clemence may have been three hundred and fifty years old, but she certainly had BUNDLES of energy, and oodles of *style.* She was dressed in a pair of colourful baggy trousers and a flowing top and had glittery jewels of all shapes and sizes intertwined in the long braids that covered her head.

'YOU'VE ALREADY MET TANGINE . . . I MEAN, DAVE!' said Florence, winking at her grand-yeti.

Tangine rolled his eyes.

'THESE ARE MY UVVA BEST FRIENDS, AMELIA AND GRIMALDI,' said Florence.

'Happy Birthnight, Clemence!' said Amelia, giving a little curtsey. Grimaldi waved nervously.

'OOH!' Grand-yeti Clemence gasped. She seemed very excited about Squashy, who was bouncing around Amelia's ankles. 'IS THAT A *PUMPKIN?'*

'This is my pet pumpkin, Squashy,' said Amelia. 'Would you like to hold him?'

Clemence gasped. 'OH, YES PLEASE!'

'WELL, I'M GONNA GO PRANCE WHILST YOU GUYS TALK ALL FINGS PUMPKIN!' said Florence, before grabbing Tangine's hand. 'AND YOU'RE GONNA BE MY PRANCE PARTNER.'

'Wait, I must stretch my fabulous limbs first . . .' Tangine proclaimed, but he barely had a chance to finish his sentence because Florence was already dragging him on to the dance floor.

Amelia scooped Squashy up and handed him over to Grand-yeti Clemence. The old yeti giggled and hugged Squashy. 'OH, YOU ARE ADORABLE! I *LOVE* PUMPKINS!'

'So do I!' said Amelia happily. 'I love them so much I've joined a new pumpkin club called the Pumpkineers. It's so much fun – we learn loads of pumpkin facts and I've met lots of other creatures who love pumpkins ALMOST as much me.'

'Nobody could love pumpkins as much as you, Amelia,' said Grimaldi with a grin. 'Don't you have a big pumpkin patch party coming up soon?'

'It's tomorrow actually,' said Amelia. 'I keep forgetting to tell Florence that I won't be able to stay here for the whole weekend. I'd already said yes to Clemence's birthday party before I got my invitation to the pumpkin patch party. But I figured I could do both. One night for each!'

'Wow, two parties in one weekend!' said Grimaldi. 'You're one wild vampire!'

The two friends giggled.

'I'd better go and tell Florence now before I forget again,' said Amelia.



‘TELL ME WHAT?’ said Florence, making Amelia jump. She had pranced back over without so much as a sound.

‘Oh, hi Florence!’ Amelia stammered. ‘I actually meant to tell you sooner, but I thought I might be able to party here for a bit and then go to the —’

But she was interrupted by a yeti shouting ‘PREEEEEEEESENTS!’ at the top of their voice.

‘WOOHOOOOOOO!’ shrieked Grand-yeti Clemence, as a startled Squashy jumped out of her arms and back into Amelia’s. ‘COME ON KIDS. ’ELP ME OPEN MY PILE OF TREATS!’ Then she was ushered by the excitable yetis over to a huge stack of gifts.



After unwrapping a scream-tea maker, a snot-collector and at least three toenail hats, Florence gave Grand-yeti Clemence her birthday gift.

'I FINK YOU'LL LIKE THIS, GRAND-YETI,' said Florence, handing over a small box she'd wrapped in spotty paper.

Clemence smiled and carefully unwrapped her present. When she opened the glittery box and saw the necklace inside, she gasped, putting a paw to her mouth.

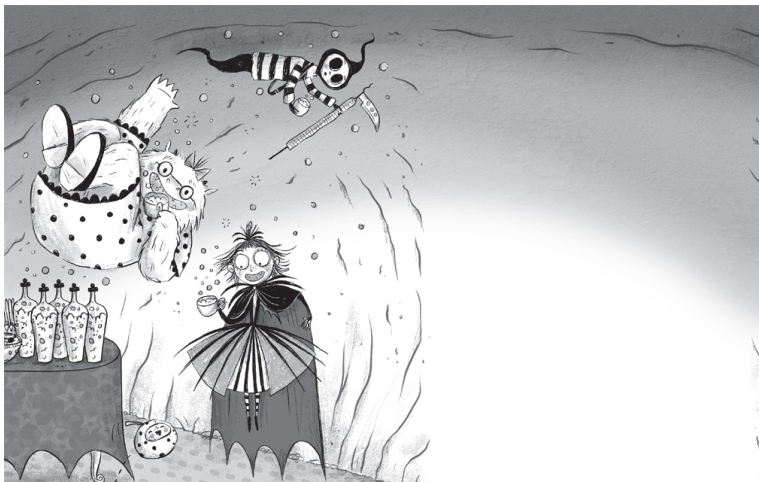
'Wait a minute,' said Tangine, marching forward to admire the gem. 'That's a pure Glitteropolis Garnet! I've never seen one up close before. It's so beautiful!'

'IT'S . . . IT'S . . .' stammered Grand-yeti Clemence before throwing her arms around Florence in delight. 'OH, FLO FLO!'

'DOES THIS MEAN YOU LIKE IT?' Florence asked earnestly.

Grand-yeti Clemence held the necklace up to the candlelight so that the glittery gem made the whole room sparkle. 'I ABSOLUTELY *LOVE* IT, FLO FLO,' she said, staring at the jewel in awe. 'THIS MUST'VE BEEN SO EXPENSIVE. I 'OPE YOU DIDN'T SPEND *ALL* YOUR MOON COINS ON ME?!'





Florence shrugged. ‘I’LL SAVE ’EM UP AGAIN,’ she said. ‘YOU ONLY TURN FREE ’UNDRED AND FIFTY ONCE, EH!’

Clemence put the necklace on and twirled around. ‘DON’T I LOOK RAVISHING?!’ she said happily. ‘I FINK THIS CALLS FOR SOME VINTAGE SUPER-BELCH.’ The old yeti handed out cups of the bubbling green liquid to Amelia and her friends.

Amelia took a sip and immediately began to float a few inches off the ground. ‘Wow! This is some strong belch!’ she said before burping loudly and gently landing back on the ground.

Florence took a sip and did a floaty somersault in the air.

'THIS IS THE BEST BELCH I'VE EVVA TASTED!'

Grimaldi drank his whole cup and ended up stuck on the ceiling, looking a little worse for wear.

'Wow!' he said through wide eyes. 'What's IN that belch?'

'MY FATHER, TERRENCE SPUDWICK, MADE IT AGES AGO WHEN 'E USED TO LIVE IN THESE PITS TOO. THIS 'ERE IS THE FINEST, MOST BELCHIEST SUPER-BELCH YOU'LL EVVA DRINK,' chuckled Clemence.

'I'll say!' said Amelia, gazing up at Grimaldi.

'SADLY, THESE ARE THE ONLY BOTTLES LEFT,' said Clemence, pointing to the small stash on the table.

'CAN'T YOU MAKE MORE?' said Florence.

'IT'S A TOP SECRET RECIPE. ME DAD DIDN'T TELL ANYONE – NOT EVEN ME!' said Clemence. 'SO, WHEN 'E PASSED, THE RECIPE WENT WIV 'IM. THE CHEEKY WOTSIT.'

'Well, that makes it EXTRA special!' said Amelia before taking another sip and feeling herself rise upwards, bottom-first.

'EXACTLY!' said Clemence, then she turned to Tangine. 'I BELIEVE YOU'RE STAYING IN TERRENCE'S OLD ROOM! NOW *THAT'S* AN HONOUR,' she said.

'Ah! I wondered who the old yeti in all the pictures was!' said Tangine. 'Well, he can sure make a great brew!' He raised his cup of belch with a grin.

'I DO MISS 'IM LOADS!' said Clemence. 'BUT AT LEAST 'E LIVES ON THROUGH 'IS SUPER-BELCH, AND WHAT

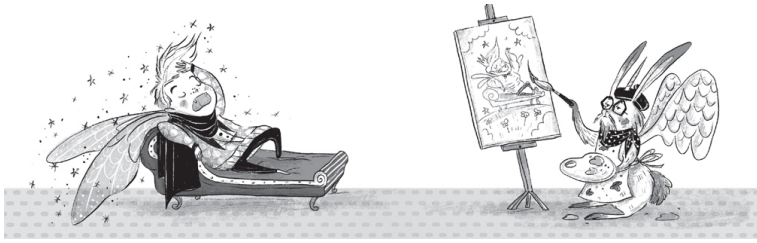
BETTER WAY TO APPRECIATE IT THAN WIV FAMILY AND FRIENDS, EH?' She gulped her cup of super-belch down in one and float-cartwheeled into the centre of the room. 'COME ON KIDS, LET'S DO SOME FLOATY PRANCING!"



By midnight, the birthnight celebrations were in full swing. There were entertainers from all over the kingdoms, including a leprechaun jig teacher called Mr McMarvellous, a toad top-hat maker called Sir Ribbit and a famous uni-angel-bunny artist, Clifford Harris.

'YOU WON'T FIND ANYONE IN ALL THE KINGDOMS AS GOOD AT PAINTING YETIS AS CLIFFORD,' said Florence's dad. 'E'S WELL KNOWN FOR 'IS BRILLIANT USE OF GLITTER PAINTS. CLEMENCE WAS SO 'APPY WE COULD BOOK 'IM IN!'

'I use only the *finest* glitter paints mixed with the freshest fire tears of the most majestic Flamingo-dragons,' pronounced Clifford. He stroked his glittery beard in deep thought, then prepared a new blank canvas. 'Who is my first subject?' he asked.



Tangine, who had been stuffing his face with pickled eyeballs, shouted, 'ME!' He marched across the room, spreading himself out on the chaise-longue in front of Clifford's easel, before placing a hand on his forehead.

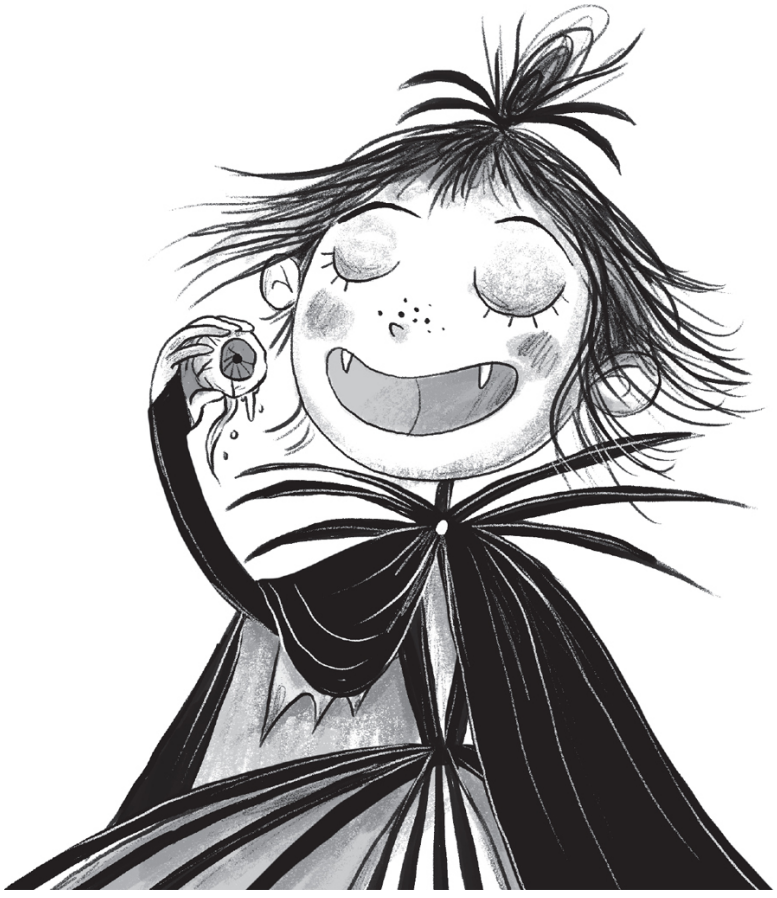
'Draw me like one of your yetis,' he said airily.

Whilst Tangine had his portrait done, Amelia and Grimaldi were digging into the delightfully disgusting feast.

'Galloping goblins,' said Amelia. 'I still haven't told Florence about the pumpkin patch party!'

'Best do it now,' said Grimaldi, looking a little worried. 'Just in case she starts making plans for us tomorrow.'

'I'll do it, don't worry,' said Amelia, swallowing a pickled eyeball. 'I'm having such fun, I wish I didn't have to leave early. But I really want to go to the pumpkin patch party too. I'm sure Florence will understand.'





CHAPTER 3

EMBRACE YOUR INNER YETI

'UNDERSTAND WHAT?' said Florence, making Amelia jump again.

'Bothering batwings, Florence,' gasped Amelia. 'You keep making me jump with your soundless prancing!'

Florence puffed out her chest proudly. 'TOP NOTCH PRANCER, ME! SO, WHAT'S UP?'

'Well, you know that it's the Pumpkineers' pumpkin patch party tomorrow?' said Amelia.

'OH, IS IT?' said Florence, before gulping down a mug full of super-belch and floating towards the ceiling bum-first.

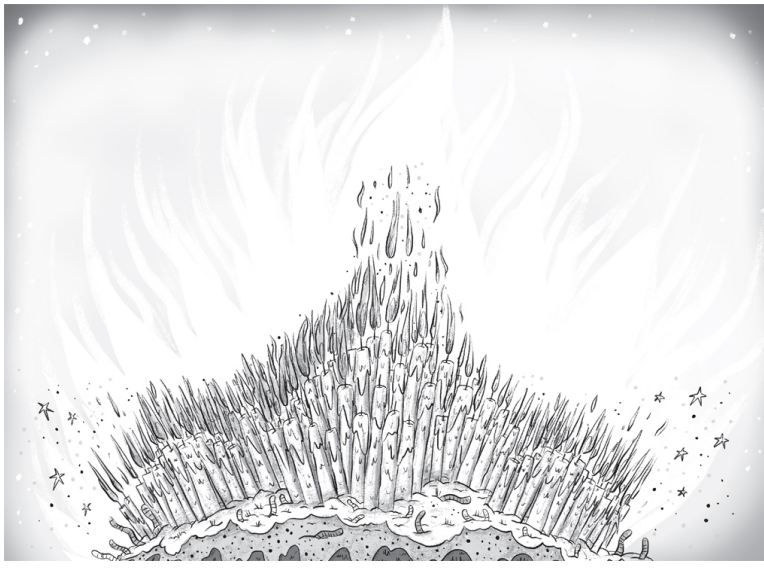
'Well, I'd really like to go along since it's a special party to welcome all the new Pumpkineers,' called Amelia. 'So would it be okay if I asked your dad to call my mum so she can pick me up a bit –'

'WHAT?!' said Florence. 'I CAN'T 'EAR YOU FROM UP 'ERE . . . SPEAK UP!'

Amelia raised her voice. 'I need to leave a night –'

'BUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRP,' Florence bellowed, before slowly floating back down to ground level. 'SORRY 'BOUT THAT . . . I FORGOT 'OW STRONG THAT SUPER-BELCH IS! OKAY, WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?'

Amelia tried again. 'So, at moonrise tomorrow, I need to lea—'



But before she could finish, a horde of ancient yetis gathered around the food table and began singing loudly.

'HAPPY BIRTHNIGHT TO YOUUUUU
FULL OF GLITTER AND GOOOOOO
WE HOPE IT'S A NIGHTMARE
WITH MANY LUMPS IN YOUR STEEEEW!'

Florence's dad brought in a HUGE mud-worm cake, decorated with three hundred and fifty lit candles. It looked as though the whole thing was on fire.

'Make a wish! Make a wish!' said a small stout yeti, before marching right up to Grand-yeti Clemence and yelling, 'MAKE

IT!' in her face.

Clemence sucked in a huge breath, then blew with all her might. A few yetis had to duck as the candle flames went soaring across the room. Everyone cheered, coughed and spluttered as Grand-yeti Clemence closed her eyes tight and made her wish.

The mud-worm cake was shared out amongst the yetis, then Florence drank another mouthful of super-belch, and floated above the crowd. She cleared her throat to get their attention, then said proudly.

'I JUST WANNA SAY A BIG 'APPY BIRTHNIGHT TO MY GRAND-YETI CLEMENCE. 'ERE'S TO ANUVVA FREE 'UNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS!'

Everyone raised their arms, then bum-bumped each other and made a toast, 'TOOOOOO CLEMENCE!'

Florence continued. 'AND I'M SO 'APPY TO BE ABLE TO SPEND THIS 'OLE WEEKEND WIV MY MY BESTEST FRIENDS IN THE ENTIRE KINGDOMS.' She smiled at Amelia, Grimaldi and Tangine. 'FANKS FOR COMING 'ERE WIV ME. WE'RE GONNA 'AVE SO MUCH FUN!' Florence burped loudly, the yetis cheered, and she floated back down to ground level.

Uh oh, thought Amelia. She *really* needed to tell Florence about having to leave the party early!

But that was going to have to wait. A yeti grabbed Amelia's hand and before she knew it, she was being dragged on to the dance floor to perform a traditional yeti prance.

‘EMBRACE YOUR INNER YETI!’ Florence bellowed, joining the prancing chain of yetis. It was a graceful dance, and the yetis moved around the room with barely a sound.

The best part was watching Tangine try to get the hang of it. He gradually became a tangle of limbs and wings before falling flat on to his bottom. ‘All *I* want to embrace is an ice pack for my sore derrière,’ he groaned.



After an intense game of musical statues, the yetis decided to play hide and seek. There were certainly PLENTY of places to hide in the Yeti Mountain.

‘OKAY EVERYONE,’ bellowed Clemence. ‘I’M GONNA COME FIND YOU IN FIRTY SECONDS!’ She sat on a

sofa chair and covered her eyes with her paws. 'READY . . . STEADY . . . GO! FIRTY . . . TWENNY NINE . . . TWENNY EIGHT . . .'

The pits rumbled and shook as the ancient yetis thundered out of the Party Pit at some speed. Amelia, Florence, Grimaldi and Tangine ran into the tunnels, hearts pounding with adrenaline. Squashy excitedly bounced behind them with a pa-doing, pa-doing, pa-doing.

'WE NEED TO SPLIT UP,' said Florence. 'THE YETIVATOR WILL TAKE YOU TO DIFFERENT LEVELS IF YOU WANNA GET FURVA AWAY! *GO, GO, GO!* ' Then she ran off and disappeared around a corner.

'I'm going to hide in the toilets!' said Grimaldi, floating off towards the end of the tunnel. 'Nobody will expect that!'

'Eww,' said Tangine. 'So gross. I'm going to steal Clemence's idea and pretend I'm a portrait! She'll never suspect.' And he ran off back towards the Party Pit.

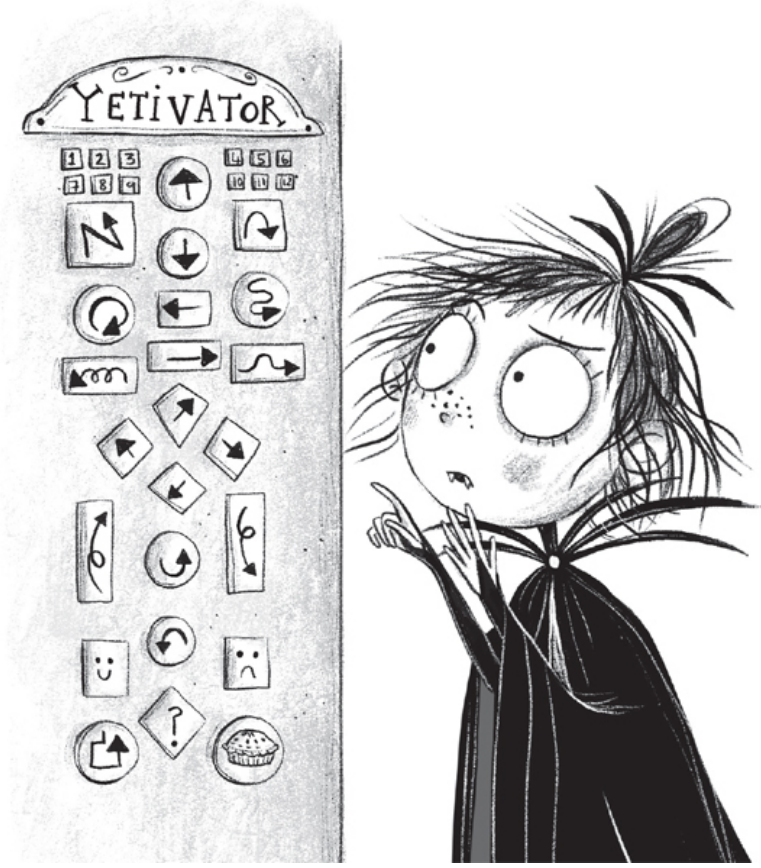
Amelia picked Squashy up and looked from side to side. 'Well, I guess we should hurry up and find a good hiding place,' she said as she headed towards the yetivator.

Amelia pressed a big red button on the wall and the doors to the yetivator slid open with a loud DING.

'MAIN LEVEL,' said a flat sort of voice.

Amelia stepped into the lift. She stared at the buttons on the wall and felt her brain do a roly-poly. It certainly wasn't as simple as just picking a floor. As well as numbered buttons, there were

buttons with arrows pointing up, down, left, right and diagonally – not to mention buttons with all sorts of other symbols on them.



'Well, I'm going to have to press *something,'* Amelia said to

Squashy. 'Otherwise Grand-yeti Clemence will find us straight away!'

From the Party Pit further down the corridor, Amelia heard Clemence shout, 'AND ONE! READY OR NOT, HERE I COME!'

Squashy squeaked in response.

'Okay, okay . . . here goes, Squashy!' said Amelia urgently. 'I've NO idea where this will take us, but hopefully we'll find a good hiding place!'

Amelia closed her eyes and poked at random buttons in no particular order. The doors to the yetivator closed.

'GOING UP, ROUND, BACK, OVER, DIAGONAL LEFT, UNDER AND UP ONCE MORE,' said the dull lift-voice.

'Uh oh,' said Amelia.

And the lift immediately began to move. Very, *very* quickly.

Amelia ended up pinned to the wall from the G-force of the lift shooting upwards. Squashy ricocheted off the walls as the yetivator swung around and did a loop-the-loop. It then began to move diagonally and around and around again, before whizzing upwards and eventually slowing to a stop.

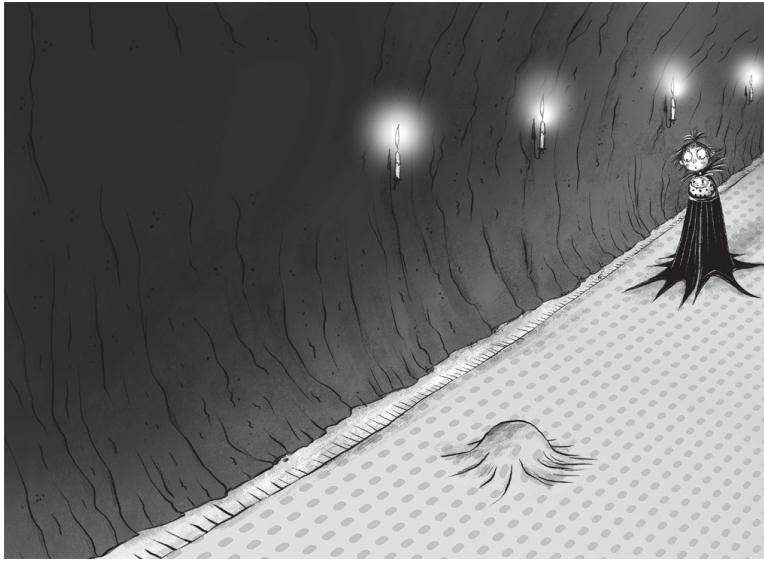
The doors slid open with a DING.

Amelia stood still for a moment until her head stopped spinning. Squashy was quite green and coughed up a gooey seed ball. She picked him up carefully and stumbled out of the lift on very wobbly legs.

'Let's take the stairs next time,' said Amelia shakily, going to

sit down on the floor. But as she did, something soft brushed past her leg, making her jump straight back up. 'GRIEVING GOBBLEPOTS!' she shrieked. But when Amelia looked down, nothing was there.

Amelia clutched Squashy to her chest. Peering down the tunnel, over Squashy's green-tinged and slightly floppy stalk, she noticed a small bump underneath the carpet. It moved towards Amelia quickly and then, as if by magic, it simply disappeared.





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